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Letter from Jane W. Cary, Wellesley, Massachusetts to Mrs. Wren B. Cary, Windsor, Connecticut, 1912 or 1913

Jane W. Cary

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Dearest Mommy, what shall I do? I want to go home for Peg's wedding, of course, but don't you think it is a bit extravagant? You see I intended as much as anything to earn some money myself, but I've been so busy I haven't had a second. Again, I hate to go home for such a short time, it seems like making it a place to stay while I go some where, and I don't like that. As for work - I have no classes Wednesday afternoon, and the classes at the end of the week don't happen to be as important as those at the beginning. I don't cut nearly as much as most girls do either, in fact I hardly ever do, so that part would be all right.

So what shall I do? The girls think I'm crazy not to if you say I can. Still my conscience doesn't feel quite right, because you see I suggested it in the first place. So do tell me right out what to do. If you think it would be foolish, say so and I

will forget all about the wedding.

Ten of us went in to Boston, the other day on an Economics trip. We had a chaperon who took us to the place where the immigrants were being inspected. They were just getting off of the Canopic - a White Star Line Steamer. No one can go in without a passport and it was lots of fun to do it. In all my life, I never, never, saw anything so interesting. The immigrants come up one by one, the doctor looks at them as they pass and if they seem to have anything at all the matter with them he detains them for further inspection. Then they go into a room in which are aisles separated from each other by iron bars. They go into the aisles according to nationality at the end of which are inspectors who can talk the language of their aisles. They ask them questions, - the same ones which have been asked them at departure and if the answers both times agree, they can go on, if

not they are detained.

The inspectors told us everything we asked and more too, I guess they liked to see people in ordinary clothes. We looked all over the ship, too. It is fifteen years old, so I guess the stowage conditions on it are as bad as in any of the ships, at least, I should hate to see them worse. Of course they had cleaned up and scattered disinfectant around, but my! that didn't take away the looks of the place. Twelve hundred came over stowage; it was hot and close in the big rooms anyway; what must it have been when they were full! The beds are just two tiers of bunks, each has an old mattress and pillow, without covering. The men sleep in one room and the women in another. They have little holes in the wall for air. They have no dining room but sit on the deck and eat out of tin plates.

It was a fierce looking place anyway, I should hate to go on it even first class. Still it was

very interesting. I'm crazy to go to
Elio Island now, where the best
ships of all come in.

We saw the inspectors holding court,
too. They looked further into the cases
of those who had been detained. I
never knew before how careful
they are who they let in.

The queerest people came - one woman
had on a bright green velvet dress,
and one little girl was carrying a
birdcage with two canaries in it,
and one man had on a red
shirt with a wide yellow ribbon
for a necktie. Most of them came
from Italy and the Azores. We do
have lots of opportunities here, for I
don't believe it is awfully easy to
get passes.

Here I've been writing a regular
Sunday letter and I meant just
to ask again about the wedding.
It seems an awful lot to pay for
such a short time. Did Helen
get an invitation for the lunch
on Tuesday?

Loveingly your Jennie
I'm so proud of my Poppy. He's showing
his picture to all the girls and let them feel
I had it say about him. They think
I have reason to be proud.